

## **Icarus's Father**

Daedaleus never understood the danger of joy.  
He was imprisoned for this misunderstanding,  
for making a device for the Queen's pleasure  
when the King has ceased to please her.

The architects of pleasure are wingless  
and short-sighted. The waxy geometry  
of flight does not account for the angle  
of wind against the skin or the sun

of sunlight. Logarithms of desire,  
the delirious arithmetics of living,  
dividing the sky between the sun  
which will devour all our days

and the cold, blue sea. We fly akimbo  
skimming the irreconcilable balance,  
neither bird or fish enough to navigate  
those distances. When I fall (and I will

fall) I know my father will fly on  
without me. There are more sons  
to be fathered on an unrarried shore.  
Tomorrow is a margin in a ledger.

## **Baba Yaga**

three times this house turned its back  
to the sea and its door toward me  
what choice did I have but enter

the hunger outweighed any hope or risk  
outweighed the distance  
I came to know as regret

what choice did I have but lay  
my chin on the shelf beside yours  
filling the room with our far-flung bodies  
stretched as deliberate asleep

my memory of our arms and legs open  
fills the house –your head in the kitchen ,  
hands flung into closets, one foot in the garage,  
the heel of the other furrowing the yard

these rooms could not contain what we filled it with  
and seemed to grow smaller around us  
my house is still filled with the sounds of our sleeping

this was Baba Yaga's dream: that I was a hunger  
you could never satisfy and not the woman  
who followed the top she sent spinning  
into forests, toward other houses

the truth is you were that hunger I fed myself to  
until not even bones remained  
and so had nothing left of myself for you

## Relentless Blue

I look for you in this poem with both hands  
every word like the fingers of a blind sculptor  
searching for your familiar face in the sightless clay.

If I were a painter, what I want to say  
to you would be a shade of blue that couldn't be bought  
only blended by loving curiosity and relentless patience

blue as sun rising on the ocean after a storm  
blue as dawn, obsidian about to shatter  
in a wet cacophony of color. Azure

love. Sapphire uncertainty.  
Hungers marbled turquoise and lapis lazuli.  
If I were a sailor, this poem would be

a hundred days at sea.  
Lips cracked with salt and silence.  
Above me, in the wet, endless sky clouds row by

with a cargo hold of storms and birds for barnacles.  
Gulls shriek like lonely women.  
Every star is an omen, I navigate by touch.

Below me, in the wet and endless sea, is everything  
I dare imagine, everything that will ever  
and will never be: wide and spiny as puffer fish

infinitely blue and filled with stones,  
fish, and sunken treasure; the skeletons  
of clouds, birds, and stars; sharks, mermaids,

and the myriad of scuttling mysteries.  
This poem is adrift in tomorrow's current  
somewhere off the coast of yesterday.

Your hand on this page is bone china,  
the pottery buried with Pharaohs, Klimt's  
yellow kiss, swollen mouthed as O'Keefe flowers.

Your hand on this page is the woman who waits  
in a cottage overlooking the sea  
where every hundred day journey hopes to end.